

Good Morning

S8

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

The United Nations—No. 3

WHO ARE THE NORWEGIANS?

BEFORE this war, Norway had enjoyed an unbroken period of peace for 125 years. From the 15th to the 19th century the kingdom of Norway was united to that of Denmark, under conditions amounting to virtual subordination. From 1814 to 1905 her independence was limited by the conditions of her union with Sweden. When that union was ended by friendly agreement, the policy of the country was one of strict neutrality. There were no colonies, no minority problems, no border disputes with other countries. A high standard of living had been achieved, and a system of social and political democracy built up.

The Country

Norway has an area of 125,000 square miles, and is therefore slightly larger than the British Isles and Ireland combined. But her population is only three million. Three-quarters of the country is made up of mountains and moors, glaciers and lakes; forests cover 23 per cent. of its surface, and only about three per cent. is cultivated land.

The length of its unbroken coast-line is some 2,000 miles. But submerged valleys in the shape of narrow fjords penetrate to the heart of the country again and again throughout its length, in some cases to a depth of over 100 miles, thus producing a coast-line of 12,000 miles. There are 150,000 islands.

Three out of four Norwegians live within 20 miles of the sea. For the population on the islands and in isolated farms or villages on narrow strips of mainland between the mountains and the fjords, the sea forms the only line of communication with the outer world. One might say, almost, that in Norway the land divides and the sea unites.

Seamen and Ships

It is not, therefore, surprising that shipping should play such a supreme part in Norway's economic life. With a

fleet that totalled about 4,000,000 tons, the gross tonnage per thousand inhabitants of the country in 1939 was 1,663, more than four times that of Great Britain. During the first world war Norway lost a higher percentage of her 1914 tonnage than any other country in the world. In the re-building of her fleet she adopted two main ideas—fast Diesel propulsion and the testing of new types for specialised trades. Notable was the development of motor-ships—tankers, refrigerated fruit-carriers, liners, and also floating whale-oil factories.

When Norway was attacked by Germany, about 800,000 gross registered tons, chiefly coasters and short sea tramps were captured. But by the end of 1942 the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission controlled practically four million tons of shipping manned by 30,000 Norwegian sailors.

The People

The sparseness of the population, distributed over great distances and strung out along narrow and mutually inaccessible clefts, is doubtless one of the main reasons for that passion for individual liberty and independence that has always been a chief characteristic of the Norwegian people. That individualistic bent was shown in the attitude of the Norwegian towards the Government. Whilst recognising the need of a national administration, he insisted on home rule within his own community. A pioneer in local government, in 1837 Norway was divided into 65 urban and 695 rural municipalities, each of which had its own administrations and institutions. That was a decentralisation of democracy.

Social Enterprise

Norway was a pioneer in social legislation. Its labour laws set a high standard. Compulsory accident insurance for industrial workers was launched in 1894; State grants to unemployment funds began in 1906,



Sunny Sunday morning somewhere in Hertfordshire.

when free public employment offices were opened. The basic working week was 48 hours, with laws prescribing payment for overtime. Norway was the first European country to grant all manual workers the right to an annual two weeks' vacation with full pay.

With Government support, thousands of new farms were carved out of slopes and forests, whaling and fur-farming developed, railroads electrified, paper and pulp industry modernised, electro-chemical plants extended.

At the same time, farmers' co-operatives and fishermen's co-operative marketing organisations reached new levels of success.

Education

The Norwegian school system was built up in the face of great difficulties. The average density of population is only 9.1 per sq. kilometre, and it was no easy matter to establish a convenient, effective, and yet inexpensive school system. But the unitary system became the foundation of the educational structure. Seven years in the elementary school was compulsory for all children, and every young person had an opportunity of choosing the direction in which he or she wished to pursue further studies—by secondary school or technical or trade school.

There was only one university, in Oslo, though plans were in being to establish another in Bergen.

It was proved that the unitary school system—all children, whether rich or poor, and of all classes, go to the same school—led to a greater democratisation and levelling out of differences between the classes. Actually, class distinction has never been pronounced in Norway. The few noble families that had survived were deprived of their privileges by the law of 1821, which abolished nobility. It is of interest and of significance that the great hero of Norwegian youth was Fridtjof Nansen, great explorer and greater humanitarian.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

By
AL MALE

ADMIRAL Sir Edward Evans, as many people know, always refers to his rows of medals as his "herbaceous border."

Commenting on a reference to them at Marylebone, the other day, he said "Getting these medals is like making millions; if you get the first few the rest come easily."

Believe it or not, the Admiralty is not talking out of the top of his cockade... the same applies to almost anything.

Neither medals nor position are always the reward of merit, but in the main, they definitely are, and the simple fact is that when one has obtained sufficient control of oneself to be able to concentrate on one's job, under all conditions, then one must inevitably, do that job extremely well, and enhance one's chances of award... whether it be increased wages, promotion, or even medals, makes no difference... it is an award.

And there's a lot to be said for the spectators' point of view.

And there's a great deal to be said for the way the Americans use that point of view... with the difference that the spectator is an expert at the sport... and is usually styled "coach."

In baseball, ice hockey and rugby, to mention only three outstanding sports, the play is dictated by the advice of the coach, and, as each side has a coach, the game becomes a battle of wits between the two, with each side trying to carry out instructions and each side countering them.

"Gridiron"

In the case of rugby, great secrecy is observed to preserve the tactics of a team.

I was amazed last week when I went to see what I understood was to be a rugby trial. Not unnaturally, I expected

There are exceptions, of course, and some people never reap a reward... all they seem to get is an increase in drudgery.

Even that need not happen. Any man or woman fully convinced of their ability to do their work, should market that ability.

A rolling stone may not gather any moss, but a chappie who is content to stay put, usually gathers an increased number of grouses against those who move and get on.

That's just an observation, and I don't profess to be an infallible looker-on... the guy who is never wrong.

The Looker-on

Apropos "Lookers-on." You all know the reaction when you go to a sports event.

Hardly a single person you meet either during the interval drink, or fighting it out in the local afterwards, couldn't tell you just what SHOULD have been done by the contestants to ensure complete victory.

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to see a couple of teams at work on the field, neither side stretching themselves, but each player going out for selection.

What I did see was one team with a reserve team (unlimited numerically) rehearsing passing movements... each team at different ends of the field, and doing entirely separate manoeuvres.

When the numerous Press cameramen asked "What about the other team; aren't they coming in...?" We want action pictures," the reply was "Gosh... the other team is locked up... they take the field later, and these boys retire out of sight."

Seems to me there's a great deal of "for and against" in the idea.

Teams certainly receive expert advice, from an observer who sees opponent weaknesses, and tries to cash in on them, but when you have the thing duplicated, as it were, not only is individual player-thinking eliminated, but the chances of even the coaches getting tied up, are pretty good.

Work it out... Is an observation post an advantage when the contestants are at grips, or does each party get a better idea of its opponents' weaknesses because of the fact that they are at grips.

Individuality

Strikes me we are better fighting our own battles, always presuming, of course, that we don't underestimate the opposition.

After all, the "coach" may know what he wants you to do... but you and you alone know if you're capable of the effort.

Which brings us right back to where we started.

Once you've got your first award, once you've overcome your first difficulty, you find it easier to go ahead.

And confidence in your ability is a darned good asset to kick-off with.

Cheerio and Good Hunting,

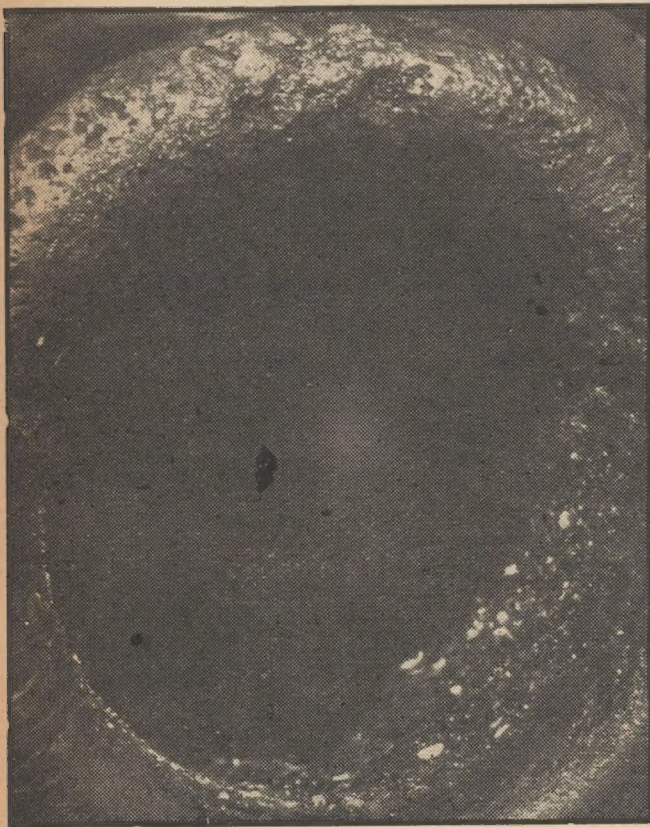


The Aurland Fjord, one of Norway's grandest inland seas. It abounds with fish formerly exported largely to England.

SUNDAY FARE

WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer to last Sunday's issue was the top of a fountain pen.



Answers to Correspondents

By F. W. THOMAS

YOU are quite right, Jane.

The choice of a pet for your dear little flat needs careful consideration. As you say the ceilings are rather low, I would recommend a dachshund. Much better than a giraffe, which needs a skylight to stick his head through.

Dachshund is a German word meaning badger-dog, and the breed was originally used for badger hunting. But there will be very few badgers in your flat, and he won't have a lot to do.

The dachshund is a low-built dog with Queen Anne legs, admirably suited for bungalows and flats. He is stream-lined, with a very small road clearance, and is the only dog that can walk under an upright piano without knocking his head. Of course, if you haven't a piano, he will have to put up with the sofa, and walk under that.

A stern affair

There are one or two things about a dachshund that I think



you ought to know. His kennel, for instance. He needs a rather longish kennel, otherwise he gets bent and loses his figure. One that is open at both ends is best, and then he can stretch out and protrude. In cold weather, a piece of red flannel-ette over his far end will prevent him catching cold in his steering apparatus.

friend. Goldfish have their merits; they are faithful and clean about the house, and make hardly any noise. Their diet of ant's eggs is very easily obtained, good laying ants being obtainable at most ant shops.

But they are not so restful as a dachshund. Goldfish never sit down. They go round and

Dachshunds are very interesting at meal times. You, of course, will keep yours on a diet of chocolate eclairs, Turkish delight, and similar nourishing foods, with an occasional badger when they are in season.

Do not think that your dachshund is ungrateful if his rudder does not always respond to your attentions. The dachshund is like that. You give him a cream bun at 4 o'clock, but owing to his length, the sensation caused thereby does not reach his caudal extremity (tail to you) until about seven minutes later. In your tiny flat, you will probably have to go out into the hall to see if his other end is pleased, and registering delight.

A nice dachshund will be ever so much more fun than the goldfish suggested by your

round. And round and round. And then round and round; and watching them is liable to have a bad effect on the sight.

Fish story

A friend of ours once kept three goldfish in his drawing-room, and spent hours watching them go round. They did it in an anti-clockwise direction, against the sun; and after a fortnight of it our friend's eyes wouldn't stop going round and round in the same direction. This led to all sorts of curious complications. It affected his walking, and made him go round and round like the goldfish. Once he got into Piccadilly Circus, and went round and round for three days. Then the police stepped in because he was making them giddy.

Having satisfied himself that the prisoner was not under the influence of strong liquor, the police surgeon had him taken to an eye specialist, who at once diagnosed goldfish.

The cure was a simple one. To get the man's eyes and neck unwound, the specialist ordered him to sit and watch a gramophone record for ten minutes every two hours, trying at the same time to read the title on the label.

Unfortunately the patient—Dumbleby was his name—overdid it, and when I last heard about him, his head was going round the other way, and there were several kinks in his neck. He is now trying to put the matter right by taking up goldfish again.

No, Jane; not goldfish. Try a dachshund, and do let us know how you get on. Remember, a rusty nail in his drinking water will soon stop his feathers falling out. . . Or is that canaries?

The house of everyone is to him as his castle and fortress as well as his defence against injury and violence as for his repose.

Sir Edward Coke
(1549-1634).

Hobbies for Submariners—No. 8

PLASTIC MODELLING

(Continued)

SINCE our last article on this subject we have been able to make, and also get, some further examples of what can be done in the way of recreation by plastic modelling.

USEFUL MODELS.

This time some utility models are shown. They are made in plastic fire cement, baked to stone hardness, sometimes painted and sometimes left to their natural whitish-grey stone colour.

A very fine example of an ornamented piece for a sideboard is the greyhound model, mounted on an oak base. This is modelled on a core of wood (inside the body) and wire (inside legs and tail). The fire cement is left to dry in natural colour, and looks to all intents and purposes like a carved model in stone.

The elephant ash-tray and the beads are in solid fire cement baked slowly on top of a hot-water tank. Fire cement, being fire-proof, is ideal for ash-trays.

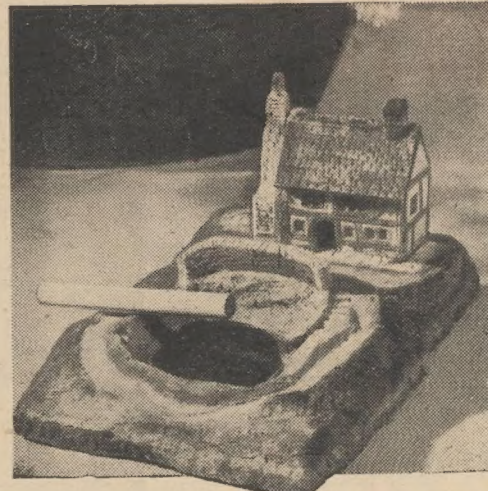
BAKING AND PAINTING.

The other ash-tray shown here, incorporating a cottage with a walled pond, is made on a wood base, upon which the cement is plastered over and around it. The wood and built up. An old used photographic glass negative, glass side up, forms the "deep, dark water" in the pond, the cement being plastered over and around it. The cottage is assembled from six flat sections of fire cement modelled and baked first (four walls and two roof sections).

When baked, the whole was sized with glue size.

Then it is painted with poster colour or ordinary water-colour, using the COL-OUR thickly and the water sparingly.

The beads illustrated here were dipped bodily into blue enamel after baking hard.



The above model measures 7 in. by 4 in. It was air-dried for 24 hours and then baked for 15 minutes. The elephant ash-tray below, like the greyhound, is left in the natural colour of the cement.



Many other useful articles, such as book-ends, inkstands, etc., have been similarly modelled in fire-cement.

Ten Million Witnesses

3-MINUTE THRILLER

By NIGEL MORLAND

"HEARTS in Arcady" had opened at a dozen international premières, and millions of women joined in the rush to see Gaylord Starita in his newest rôle; then it became known that the last shot of the picture (which was in the middle, which is film-making fashion), where Starita rode into the massed guns of the rebels, was actually a picture of his death, instead of the wound the story demanded. For as long as possible the studio hushed up the murder mystery to give the film a chance.

The baffled authorities asked for Mrs. Pym, and she was rushed to Sussex with Chief Inspector Shott.

Scotland Yard's only woman Deputy Assistant Commissioner met the studio personnel, from Sam Freedle, the managing director, down to Colley Jones, Starita's stand-in and a man who might have been the great star's twin brother.

"The scene was an additional one," the depressed Freedle explained. "A bunch of extras were miscalled. I hate wasting money, and had 'em run a riot scene with Gaylord in the middle of it. 'Hearts in Arcady' was already in the cutting-room, so I shot the scene in one day, for the film was due out. Somebody put real bullets in the 'rioters' guns . . . and Gay never got up again!"



Mrs. Pym went through the studios with a fine-tooth comb, Shott ably assisting her in this mad world of make-believe. There were plenty of people who disliked the handsome Starita, and not a few husbands were after his blood. But threats and actual murder were not the same.

"What about Colley Jones?" Mrs. Pym asked Freedle. "He's the living spit of Starita. Wouldn't it be to his advantage to step in his shoes?"

Freedle explained that the stand-in was finished, now that the star was dead, and who would employ Starita's double?

Mrs. Pym had an idea in her head and hung on to it. She cross-examined the wretched

Jones; she even brought Mrs. Jones to the studio and asked her about her husband.

In the end Mrs. Pym acted. Colley Jones was put under arrest, for Mrs. Jones told how he had not been home for a week and had been threatening to kill Starita, who was far too interested in Mrs. Jones. It was the lady herself who provided an astounding clue.

"That's not my husband," she said, and went on saying it. Mrs. Pym backed up the statement, pointing out that Colley Jones, a left-handed man, had suddenly become extremely clumsy and inclined to use his right hand when nobody was looking.

(Solution on Page 3)

ODD CORNER

IN Queen Elizabeth's day they had guns weighing four tons. The largest was the Basilisk, weighing 9,000lb., with a muzzle diameter of 8½ inches. It was charged with 60lb. of black powder and threw a 60lb. cannon-ball a distance of 420 yards.

During the Boer War the Berlin "Lokalanzeiger" received a cable from the front which mentioned the gallantry of the Black Watch. Commenting on this, the German newspaper said: "The coloured troops were conspicuous for their bravery."

Few people have ever seen a Field-Marshal's baton, and except that there is "one in every soldier's knapsack," know nothing about the article. Here is the official description:—

It must be exactly 22 inches long and one inch in diameter. The staff must be covered with red velvet, on which, at regular intervals, golden lions are embroidered. The top should bear the national floral emblems, with a group of St. George and the Dragon. At the lower end, the name of the holder is engraved.

Animal mascots have been taken into action by troops from time immemorial, and, according to Gibbon, the real leaders of the First Crusade were "a goose and a goat, who were carried in the front, and to whom these worthy Christians ascribed an infusion of the divine spirit."

BUCK RYAN

Will, the Schutzstaffel man and Herr Schor, the plain-clothes detective, lie dead at Ryan's feet. Hastily Ryan dons his clothes and grabs the cell keys...

NOW TO DEAL WITH THAT TWO-TIMING RAT, VICO!

MON DIEU- RYAN! SHUT UP-YOU SLIMY SON OF JUDAS

YOU TRIED TO SELL ME FOR A MISERABLE THOUSAND FRANCS! I'VE JUST KILLED MY TWO TORMENTORS AND I'M IN A KILLING MOOD, VICO, SO YOU'LL DO AS I SAY, OR!

WHEN WE GET OUTSIDE, WE PART COMPANY. YOU WILL DELIVER THAT PLASTER TO MLE PIETRO. IF YOU FAIL ME I SHALL HOUND YOU TO DEATH, FROG-EYES! I HAVE A CHARMED LIFE-SO REMEMBER THAT, YOU REVOLTING SCUM OFF A PIG'S DINNER! NOW, COME ON

43

YOU'RE IN THIS AS DEEP AS ME, VICO. WHEN THE SCHUTZSTAFFEL OBERFÜHRER SEES THOSE TWO CORPSES IN No 4 CELL-THE HUNT FOR US WILL START WITH A VENGEANCE. LET'S GO!

BUT, RYAN, LOOK-THERE'S A MAN GUARDING THE ENTRANCE!

YES, BUT DIDN'T THE DETECTIVE SAY THAT HE WOULD SHOUT IF THERE WAS TROUBLE? HIS NAME IS ERNST... LEAVE IT TO ME!

ERNST! SCHNELL!

JA?

44

NOW, VICO-SCRAM! BUT DON'T RUN!

Vico leaves the Schutzstaffel headquarters and Ryan takes the opposite direction

MON DIEU, IF RYAN WAS A CORSICAN HE WOULD KILL ME!

PERHAPS HE'S WAITING UNTIL I'VE FULFILLED HIS REQUEST?

OH MY GOSH, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A POLICE WHISTLE... AH, THINK I'LL JOIN THIS BLOKE AND HAVE A SIESTA. IT'S AN OLD CORSICAN CUSTOM

HERR OBERFÜHRER'S INSTRUCTIONS ARE TO BRING THEM BACK ALIVE

SO, BUT WHERE THE DEVIL ARE THEY?

45

WHEN THAT WAS A NEAR SQUEAK... I'D BETTER SEEK M. ANDRÉ MOQUET AGAIN AND TALK THINGS OVER WITH HIM. HE'S MY ONLY STAND-BY IN AJACCIO

YOU KILLED TWO NAZIS, M'SIEUR RYAN? MON DIEU, THIS IS GOING TO WAKEN THINGS UP! WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF YOU BEING RECOGNISED BY THE S.S.?

I EXPECT THAT THE S.S. WILL NOW INTERROGATE ANY MAN KNOWN TO SPEAK WITH AN IMPEDIMENT. SO I MUST DROP THAT SUBTERFUGE AND MASTER THE LINGO. CAN YOU GET AN IDENTITY CARD FOR ME, M'SIEUR MOQUET-AND SUGGEST A JOB? WE MUSTN'T BE SEEN TOGETHER. I DON'T WANT TO JEOPARDISE YOUR NOBLE WORK

THE MAN AT THE DOOR SAW US ENTER-BUT, THAT'S ALL

TAKE THIS TABLET AND SLEEP IN MY REST ROOM-UNTIL MY ASSISTANT HAS GONE. IT WILL APPEAR THAT YOU'VE HAD A HEART-ATTACK, FOLLOWING DENTAL TREATMENT. SUCH THINGS DO HAPPEN IN MY PROFESSION!

46

Leaving Ryan in consultation with M. André Moquet, dentist (and free French agent), we shift the scene to Vico. In fear of his life, Vico hurries back to the bandit's rock hide-out, in record time

YOU ARE BACK IN GOOD TIME, VICO! IS THERE A SHORTAGE OF WINE IN AJACCIO-OR SOMETHING?

WINE IS JUST WHAT I NEED, M'SIEUR FRANÇOIS!

I SMELL TROUBLE! COME, OUT WITH IT!

I HAD NO OPPORTUNITY TO KILL RYAN, EN ROUTE TO AJACCIO, AS YOU SUGGESTED. HE IS TOO CUTE! BUT I TRIED TO SELL HIM TO THE SCHUTZSTAFFEL. THEY BEAT HIM-BUT-

HE HIT BACK, WITH FATAL RESULTS. WE BOTH ESCAPED FROM THE S.S. HEADQUARTERS. THERE WILL BE A DRAG-NET OUT FOR US, FRANÇOIS. MON DIEU, RYAN BEARS A CHARMED LIFE. I TELL YOU, HE'S PIXILATED!

PIXILATED-PAH! YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT! GIVE ME THE STUFF WHICH YOU PURCHASED FOR MLE PIETRO. I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER!

47

HO, THERE, WITCH-GIVE ME A HAND IN MIXING THIS PLASTER FOR MLE PIETRO'S ANKLE

WHAT NEW-FANGLED NOTION IS THIS, MY FRANÇOIS?

THERE, I'VE FOLLOWED THE INSTRUCTIONS WHICH M'SIEUR RYAN PUT INSIDE THE PARCEL MA'M'ELLE. LET'S HOPE IT WORKS

MERC! NOW I CAN BASK IN THE SUN. FRANÇOIS HAS BOUGHT ME A SUN SUIT

EASY DOES IT, CHERIE

YOU ARE VERY KIND TO ME. IT IS NICE TO BE IN THE OPEN AGAIN

MERCI BEAUCOUP, FRANÇOIS. I'M FEELING BETTER ALREADY

THEY SAY—
WHAT DO YOU
SAY?

SUBURBIA?
LET us contemplate the great and growing effect of suburbia, which is especially characterised by a sense of the aimlessness of life. That is not anything like universal in the suburbs, but it is common—people spending the greater part of the day earning the means by which they will amuse themselves during the rest of the day, looking to very little beyond.
Archbishop of Canterbury.

COUNTRYSIDE.
WHILE beauty and amenities should be the first charge upon our activities to secure that the land of the country should be put to the best use in the public interest, it is not merely a question of what our countryside is like to look at. It is what it is like to live in, to work in, and play in. The answer to those questions will be profoundly affected by the use that is made of the land of this country.
Mr. W. S. Morrison (Minister of Town and Country Planning).

FITNESS.
FITNESS for citizenship is in everyone's mind. We are coming to realise that, although the doctor is no less important than formerly, health is a subject for lay people as well.
Sir William N. Goodenough (Chairman of the Nuffield Foundation).

SNOBBERY.
SNOBBERY is even more common among the middle and poorer classes than among the well-to-do.
C. Smart (Carlisle).

BIRTH-RATE.
ONE reason for the diminishing birth-rate which is never mentioned is the ban placed on the marriage of women employed in Government and local government service.
Mrs. Councillor Margaret Larmour (Grimsby).

POST-WAR DUTIES.
NOTHING would be more calculated to cause disillusion than to regard the State as a kind of Father Christmas with an inexhaustible supply of gifts to be had for the wishing. Hitherto, the tendency has been to lay the emphasis on what the State should do; the time has come to talk also about the new duties which will fall upon individuals and groups if post-war aims are to be fulfilled.
Walter Hill.

NEW HOUSES.
THE pigeon-holes of the post-war planners will not produce village war-time houses.
Mr. Edgar Granville, M.P.

POWER OF FLIGHT.
THE power of flight must be used, both as one of the principal means of bringing the peoples of the world together in co-operation and comradeship and as a constituent—probably the chief constituent—in some form of international force, at the service of international justice for the maintenance of order in the world after the war.
Sir Archibald Sinclair (Minister for Air).

SLUMS.
...the view that one should only speak good of our poorest comrades. It is surely more sensible to admit that slums breed slum habits of mind which may need a generation of better housing education to eradicate and then to find out what are the defects either in education or in storage accommodation which bring about this situation.
Joan S. Clarke.

UTOPIA.
THE trouble is that not all men's Utopias are the same. ... Shall we have to be standardised before we can get our Utopia? Can we never have both duck-shooting and dancing?
James Redfern.

Solution to 3-Minute Thriller
Ten Million Witnesses
The problem proved simple after that. Starita had played on the real Jones' vanity, had added bribery to it, and persuaded his stand-in to take his place in the rebel scene. Jones had died under the guns loaded by Starita, and Gaylord Starita had conveniently become his own stand-in, which was a perfect escape from the debts, the women, and the troubles which had hopelessly cornered him. Mrs. Pym told Freddie: "Life's better than fame, if you've made a mess of it like Starita had, and he probably thought he could get to the top in some other business."

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Let Me Tell You !!



I can't say who is going to win this competition, but in my opinion there's only you and me in it. You should have seen the way the judges looked at the others. Hardly gave them a peep. Why, even the editor has cut them out.



Lace Maker

Sunlight through old lace, and through the fine tracery of her silver hair. No money can buy the care and patience which goes into real heartfelt craftsmanship. Nor is money ever intended to. The creator's reward is in the masterpiece. No wonder she holds it to the light, for scrutiny and critical admiration.



"Play Ball?"

Just lead us to it. In fact don't bother, just try to stop us. Camera model Vivien Beaumont has smiled many world-famed commodities into the headlines, and do you wonder? Gee, almost makes us wish we were tooth-paste or sump'n. Play ball? Say, what time's the first throw?



THIS ENGLAND

There is no pretence about this scene. It could not possibly be mistaken for, say Boulter's Lock or such fashionable resort. What we do know is that the waterways of England are vital to our transport, and have been so since pre-railway days.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Crikey—the liberty boat!"

